

Kawliga

Hank Williams & Fred Rose

Verse I:

Am

Kaw-liga was a wooden Indian standing by the door.

He fell in love with an Indian maid over at the antique store.

E7

Kaw-liga just stood there and never let it show,

Am

So she could never answer yes or no!

Verse II:

Am

He always wore his Sunday feathers and held a tomahawk.

The maiden wore her beads and braids and hoped someday he'd talk.

E7

Kaw-liga too stubborn to ever show a sign,

Am

Because his heart was made of knotty pine!

Refrain:

C

Poor ol' Kaw-liga he never got a kiss!

F

Poor ol' Kaw-liga he don't know what he missed!

C

Is it any wonder that his face is red?

G7

C Am

Kaw-liga that poor ol' wooden head!

Verse III:

Am

Kaw-liga was a lonely Indian never went nowhere.

His heart was set on the Indian maiden with the coal black hair.

E7

Kaw-liga just stood there and never let it show,

Am

So she could never answer yes or no!

Verse IV:

Am

Then one day a wealthy customer bought the Indian maid.

And took her oh so far away but ol' Kaw-liga stayed.

E7

Kaw-liga just stands there as lonely as can be,

Am

And wishes he was still an old pine tree!